#### OLD BEN'S EXPLANATION. & Story That Made the Judge Compromis with the Law.

Old man, the charge is assaulting An officer of the court, An officer of the court, And resisting the execution Of a warrant (says the report), In a sult for rent non-payment, By a Mistress Mary Lee. Are you guilty, or not guilty? I'm ready to hear your plea."

Well, Jedge, I 'spec' I'se guilty On 'medjerment by de law On 'medjerment by de law
Ob whu' I dun ter de ge man,
An' jedgin' hit in de raw;
But. Jedge, w'en yer henhs de statemun'
How de fracus cum ter be,
I hopes yer'll make de sentuns
Ez light ez yer kin on me.

"Yer see, Miss Mary am sickly,
A puny mite ob a t'ing,
An loss her onlies' husban'
Dees a yeah ago last spring.
Dey wuz po' an 'libbin' skimpy
On de leetle he yearn'd at law,
'Kase dey nach'ully loss dere forchin
At de bustin' up o' de wah.

"An' sense Marse Lee was tooken
An' lef ber all alone.
She ain't had almos' nuffin'
Dat she cud call her own;
An' me an' my ole 'oman,
A-knowin' her sense she's bo'n,
Divided our rashuns wid 'er
Ter he'p 'er, off an' on.

"But yist'day .nawnin' 'arly
W'en dis bailiff cum ter han'
An' swo he 'uz gwine to lebby
On het eb'ey pot an' pan.
I becken' 'im round de co'ner.
An' axed 'im 'Den't be brash,
An' I'll git yer up de munny
By pawniin' sum o' my trash.'

"But be wouldn' wait fer er minnit An' sed dat she had ter go – Dat he' nz gwine ter seoze de premis An' hatten up de do'! Dec, Jedge, I fergot be'nz bailiff And sarvin a writ ob cote— For my a art an mem ry tangi'd An' lodg'd heat in my th'ote!

I dess seed dat bailiff libbin' Fer long befo' de wah, In er house Old Marster gib 'im Ter shei ah his po' ole ma; An' de patch he had fer nuffin' On de udder s de de creek— An' me a-totan 'em rashe

'An' de way dis bailiff wuz actin' Ter Ole Marse's oulies' chile
Dess made my han Red savidge
An' all my blood ter ble!
I forgot erbout este and entlers,
An' de case warn't none ob mine,
I waz back on de ole plantashun
An a actin' on dat line!

"An' dat am de reezin, jestly, I couldn't keep onder cheek, But tuck 'im op by de slack han' An by is skrawe neck An 197 ed 'im ober de pickets, but dar I los 'my arip-An' dat's whut made 'lm, I reckun, Hit de pabement so k'bli

That will do," the Judge said, dryty: "Code, section eighteen—ten—
Some ass put that here, likely—
But you're discharged, tild Beg!
Put up that window there, bailiff—
It's too werm here for me!
Mr. Clerk, say 'fined five dollars,'
And here's your green old V."
—Sam W. Small, in Atlanta Constitution.

## THE SHORTEST DAY.

And Yet How Much It Held for One Poor Woman !

How long is that of most people, I wonder? Some perhaps can number the full six hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and eight hours of the allotted threescore years and ten, while others outlast the pre-Adamic day of the geologist, and cover all eternity. But mine was just the ordinary daylight one, the shortest in the year, too, for it was the twenty-first of Depember.

And even short as it was, I had already wasted some hours of it. Had I thought it would have set so soon I might have been up at its dawning. though usually I hold, with Lever, that the sun looks best-as every one else does-when he's up and dressed for the day, and that it's a piece of impertment curiosity to peep at him when he's rising and at his toilet; he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared not look at him. But when one's sun shines such a little while as mine, might not one be pardoned for rushing to the levee at an unfashionable hour?

Yet it was noon before I was out in the bright glow, trudging down the lane with yesterday's fall of snow crisping under my feet, and last night's sleet clashing overhead, as the wind caught at the straggling, overgrown hedge-row boughs, and sent them ring ing together, with such an icy-jeweled flash and splendor of green and gold and red and blue as summer, with all her wealth of leaves and blossoms could not rival. The very splendor promised the glittering mockery but a short life; the sun is a traitor with his kisses, and the warmth of them would soon wither away the snow wreaths. making their delicate mimicry of the white May and the hawthorn in the hedge. But meantime they were very fair, and the snow lay light and white under the great peach orchards that had their icy sparkle too, as they swept away, in gentle undulations, right and left of the still lane. And the blue sky had the merest snow-flake of a cloud drifting along, and the suu was shining full upon me, and somehow a glint of it had got into my heart, though there was nothing in particular to was nothing in particular to bring it there. Christmas was so near, the first I had spent out of my old home, so empty now; and Father Christmas, when he comes to us with a changed face, has the saddest of all looks. I did not intend to mope. Aunt Mar-garet and the girls were friendly and kind, and the least I could do would be to put aside the shadow of my crape, and show them a contented face. And

Perhaps something more than content flashed into it just then, when that thought of mine was broken short off by a sharper clatter of those hedge-row boughs, and some one sprang down through the gap, bringing with him a little clatter of falling icicles into the road before me. For, as we shook hands, there was a pleased look in his eyes, and he said, with some abruptness:

"You are a little glad to see me? You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?"
I tried to answer carelessly, though

it was not so easy, under that gaze of his: "Oh, if you are of a zoological turn this morning, I am going in search of foxtail and crow-foot. I marked a quite splendid bed down by the brook in the woods in a sheltered spot where dare say this light snow has not covered it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting Christmas evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and—"

He understood me at once. He said with his rare gentleness: "And you are trying hard to keep some of the old Christmas feeling about you. You must forgive me if I can not help seeing something of your brave struggle, and yearning to help you in it."

Yearning! It was a strong word, but his eyes made it stronger, ax I could not help giancing up to see. And be-

DODGE CITY TIMES. fore, in my confusion, I could drop mine again, somehow my muff was on the snow at our feet, and both my "Miss Deane-Annie-I can help you

with my whole life, Annie!" And, after that, is it any wonder if the sun shone straight into my heart? I don't think our researches would have added much to the cause of either zoology or botany that day. On the latter especially my lover would have made strange confusion, insisting that we were passing under quite a number of mistletce boughs, if my superior knowledge of the science had not set him right. We did find the crow-foot, however, and, as I had expected, not too deep in the snow. But when he had torn up a long spray of it and flung it trailing over my shoulder, I stayed his hand. Madge and I could come some other day for some-there was plenty of time before Christmasbut to-day's in-gathering I meant to

keep all to myself. At least for this one day, I told him, when we had reached the house and paused together in the porch-for this one day we would not call in any one, however friendly, to see what it had brought me; but to-night, when he was gone, then I would tell Aunt Margar.t that I was to be his wife. I said the word in a little flutter as we stood there together, for already he had been asking me how long I meant to keep his own from him. As I said it, I glanced up shyly at him, and it would have discomitted me to see how his face changed, paling at that word, if his hand had not closed on mine with a tightening grasp which made me ashamed of a dawning doubt that he wanted it. "Annie—"

The voice, full of a strange pain, startled me. Could this day have any pain in it?

Perhaps he read that thought-he was always so quick to understand-for he said: "I have a story to tell you, Annie, a story that may take some of the brightness out of this hour for you, as it has taken all the brightness out of the last seven years of my life until now. Shall I tell it you now? Or can you trust me that it is nothing which ought to part us? and would you rather wait to hear it until to-morrow?"

I could trust him; ay, rather, I could not distrust him; and I told him so. Let us live this day out without a shad-ow; afterward, if shadows must come, should lead me safely through there

"There is no danger in the shadow, Annie; there is only something for us both to forget."

"Let us forget it now, then. See, there is Aunt Margaret at the window signing to me; she is afraid I shall let her neighbor so offend against her good old-fashioned hospitality as to go away to his bachelor's hall, when it is three o'clock and our dinner hour."

The shortest day of all the year. We were watching its setting from the library window, we two left alone, for Madee and Fanny had driven into the village for the mail, and Aunt Margaret was summoned to one of those kitchen-cabinet councils which in view of Christmas cheer grew more and more frequent under old Lethe's able administration. So we two were standing together in the bay-window, watching the crimson glow fade off from the wide snow stretch of lawn that sloped down to the lane, dotted here and there with a black-green pyramid of fir, be-tween the naked oaks, when presently l caught sight of something moving across their shadows flung stiff and

dark against the white.
"Some one is coming," I said, breaking the happy silence. "A lady, I thought-though I wonder who it could be, walking.

What a bore!' "Oh, she'll not be shown in here and unless you feel disposed to go to Aunt Margaret's assistance-" Here I saw the side door of the library opening from the lawn. The visitor must have observed us at the window; some one on sufficiently un-

ceremonious terms. It was a stranger. She had closed the door behind her. and had come forward into the full glow of the Christmas wood fire blazing on the hearth. A stranger, certainly; if I had ever seen her before, I

should never have forgotten her. She was standing on the hearth, and drew her slender gloved hands out of the folds of her cashmere shawl, holding them to the warmth, before she turned to us the fairest face I have ever een—the fairest face one ever dreamed Only that would have been a strange, Fouque-like dream in which such a vis

ion should come. It could not have been after-knowledge on my part, for before she spoke, while she still fronted us with that gay smile upon her perfect lips, I thought of Undine in her soulless loveliness light-hearted, glad, careless of others pain because she could not feel it. There is the Undine nature in a child, too, for whom there exists no pain that loes not bruise its own tender flesh and that soft hardness made itself felt in every line and curve about this woman, as she stood there, white and golden, looking at us out of those great brilliant eyes, of which I have read somewhere:
\* Alive in their depths, as the Kraken beneat;

eves which I would fain have followed. or they fixed themselves on Brian. Only I could not, that face so held me "They told me at your house that you were here, perhaps; that you were

often here; and so I came," she said, still looking at Brian. I turned and looked at him too then; the clear, soft, shallow, child voice broke the spell.

But he never saw me. His eyes were riveted on her—just as a man might look who sees a ghost. And then she smiled. She had been

beautiful before, but now her beauty was bewildering. She stretched out her hands to him. "Have you never a word of welcome, Brian, for your wife?"

He drew a long, hard breath, and passed his hand heavily over his eyes. He never once glanced my way, though I felt he saw me all the while. He an swered her slowly:

" How is it you are not dead, Louise? For nearly seven years you have al-lowed me to believe you were." She laughed a mocking little laugh. Though she did not turn toward me, I

knew she had flashed a glance at me. "Have you been a disconsolate widower all that time, my poor Brian? t was very wicked of me, of course But then, you see, I always hated poverty; and you were so very impecunious at that time. I really thought it better to die off your hands."

Here she turned suddenly to me with

She made a playful courtesy as she

"Only he fancied it was laid away underground," she added. "Perhaps he has told you of our runaway match when he was at college, and he poor mamma was, and hushed the matter up, and carried me away to Europe to finish my school days the And there it was that mamma made her brilliant second marriage-a real, true German baron; and we to Vienna to live. But first I died: for one mie die-must not one?-to get into paradise. Brian would never have let me go there alive, so I sent him a lock of my hair and a little serawling death-bed note inclosed in a letter from mamma's maid, who had helped us to run away the year before. You remember Fifine, Brian? She has come over with me now. Such a clever soul! I can't tell how I should ever, without her, have managed to keep myself informed of your movements, and of course I had to do that, for all widowers aren't so constant, and you might have married, you know-'

He interrupted her, hoarse with pas-sion: "And how do I know that you..." "Oh, Brian, how can you! As if that were now just what my step-father and I quarreled about! After dear mamma died-she died last year" (with a pretty, plaintive fall in voice and eyelids, come and gone as swiftly as a child's grave look) - "he was quite set on making a match for me; and of course that wouldn't do at all, you know. Dear mamma was content to let me enjoy life in my own way; but after she was gone, the step-papa became just a little difficult. And so— Well, Brian, I knew you were no longer a poor man, and that I should not drag you down now. And so I have come back to you, if you will have me." She put out her hands then in the prettiest pleading

way. If I had been a man-But Brian did not soften in the least. He had pent up his wrath now, and had it under his control; but his voice was still hoarse as he said to her:

"I shall take pains to learn whether all this is truth. Meanwhile we will not trespass any longer upon Miss Deane's patience. I shall take you back to my house, and will set out within the hour for Vienna. Miss Deane will pardon—"
There he broke off huskily. He had

not once lifted his eyes to me since first they fell upon her shadow which the waning sunset cast between us. But—how I had the strength I do

not know-but I went straight up to her and took her hand, and kissed her on the pretty smooth white brow as she lifted up her face to mine. Is there woman born who can keep anger for a pretty child? And there are some peo ple who never outgrow the charm and irresponsibility of childhood; if they pluck at one's heart-strings with their enreless fingers until one could be stung into giving them a blow or a shake, one must kiss and friends afterward. And then turned to him-I must have had vision of how it would all end: for she was wonderfully fair; she had been his first love; she would be his last. I turned to him.

"I am sure you will find all as she has said, and that you will forgive her. I don't think I shall be here still when you come back from your long journey, so you must let me give you my best wishes now." Our hands met for one instant-not

our eyes; we neither of us could bear that. Then our hands fell apart, and presently I was alone. My day was over: twilight darkened in the window, gray and blank. And after twilight?

this. It says: lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is can be carried over winter and be not a bad kind of light to live in, after brought out in spring in better

## A PROFESSOR'S GAME.

Students Are Determined to Haze Him, and He Humors the Boys.

A party of smart young students in a certain town in Kentucky conceived the brilliant idea last winter of hazing their new professor. It was decided after much deliberation to invite him coon-hunling, and after leading him about in the woods until completely bewildered to abandon him, and let him find his way back to the settlement or remain in the woods all night. Now, as the professor was a stranger and weighed over two hundred pounds this scheme seemed too funny for anything, and many a hearty laugh did they have over it. The invita-tion was given and accepted; the appointed night came, cold and appointed clear with several feet of snow on the ground. Every thing moved along as arranged. The professor seemed guileless and unsuspecting, but beneath his puffy eyelids now and then gleamed an amusing twinkle. They had plodded through the snow for several hours and the leader was about to give the signal to disperse when the professor sank to the ground with a groan of

agony.
"Oh! oh!" he moaned, "one of my attacks again. For mercy's sake, boys, get me to a place of shelter or I'm a dead man."

Talk about scared boys. Here they were nearly five miles from the nearest house and an apparently dying man on their hands. Something must be done, and quickly, too. A litter was hastily improvised, and with coats for cushions, the professor was gently laid thereon and homeward they started, a sorry set of practical jokers, taking turns at carrying their massive pre-

Not a sound was heard but the moan of the professor and the grunts of the students, who were straining every nerve to keep from jostling the patient. After what seemed a score of miles, the weary, bedraggled fellows carefully lowered their burden to snatch a few minutes' rest before entering the village, which was within a stone's throw, when, what was their surprise to see the professor leisurely arise from his comfortable couch and cooly observe: Much obliged, boys! much obliged! But one word. The next time I want-

ed to play practical jokes I would se-lect an invalid for a subject," and with a chuckle he strode off. And those boys sat there in the snow and swore until they melted a place about them of half an acre.—Sam, the

—While visiting the Louvre, in Paris, a lady showed the Venus of Milo to her little daughter. "But tell me, mam ma," asked the child, "what did they cut her arms off for?" "Because she was always sucking her thumb." Her daughter asked no more.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

-Bar-soap bought in large quantity, eut in convenient pieces and well dried before using, saves great waste. -Jelly Cake: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, four cups of sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in layers, put tart-jelly be-tween them and ice the top.-The

-Rye Pan Cakes: One cup of sour milk, one cup of flour, one cup of rye meal, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, one egg and one small teaspoonful of saleratus, drop from a spoon into hot lard and fry like doughnuts.—Cincin-

-For short cookies rub half a pound of lard or dripping into a pound of rice flour, add six ounces of brown sugar, one egg and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Mix with a cup of warm lemon juice. Mix with a cup of warm milk into which a teaspoonful of saleratus has been stirred.—Philadelphia Catt.

-Celery is a vegetable that drinks constantly. If its thirst is not quenched, the stalks grow tough and hollow-stemmed. Keep the plants growing from the time they appear above ground in the seed-bed. Transplant them to rich soil; give them water as often as they need it; and give it in abundance, and you will have tender, plump celery .- Albany Journal. . .

-Graham muffins made in this way are wholesome for breakfast: One quart of graham flour, one tablespoon-ful of baking powder and half a tea-spoonful of salt sifted. To this add two eggs well beaten, two ounces of melted butter and enough milk to form a thin batter, mixing thoroughly. Bake in muslin rings or pans half filled with the batter in a brisk oven .- Toledo Blade.

-There is little to be done in the vegetable garden now except by way of preparation for another year. Ma-nure can be placed on the ground wherever required, and asparagus beds, if not already done, should have a slight covering of it. Bean poles, pea brush and stakes of all kinds should be got now, the tool-house gone over and put in order, and everything kept studiously in its proper place. - Western

-Cup Plum Pudding: Take one cup each of raisins, currants, flour, bread erumbs, suct and sugar; stone and cut the raisins, wash and dry the currants, chop the suet and mix all the above ingredients well together; then add two ounces of cut candied peel and citron, a little mixed spice, salt and ginger, say half a teaspoonful of each; stir in four well-beaten eggs, and milk enough to make the mixture so that the spoon will stand upright in it; tie it loos a cloth or put in a mold; plunge it into boiling water, and boil for three and a half hours .- Boston Budget.

### CORN-FODDER.

A Mistake Committed by a Majority of Stock-Owners.

We can point to hundreds of farmers, should proof be required, who grow corn and wilfully waste the most valuable portion of the crop every year. In making this claim it may surprise many, as we take the stand that fodder, if properly used, is worth more on the farm than the grain. Mind, however, we say if properly used. The fodder that is cut, stacked and left standing in the fields is not as soluble as that cured and stacked at the proper stage and stored under cover. If the farmers will keep sheep and cut the whole stock—leaf included—and feed Just a paragraph in a book I have with a small proportion of grain, a been turning over by my solitary fire- larger profit can be derived than by side to-night has set me thinking of all feeding corn to any stock. And we go further, and claim if "There are women who live all their good, bright corn-fodder that has been cut and crushed in a fodder-cutter, they not a bad kind of light to live in, after brought out in spring in better all. It may leave some dark, ghostly condition, without any grain at all corners in the heart unwarmed, but, except a small allowance of oats like other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides."—Harper's Weekly.

at night, than they can on corn or its equivalent in value, for the reason that they will not only relish the fodder, but also because so large a quantity can be grown on an acre, that it surpasses the grain in value. Corn-fodder is allowed to waste by turning the stock upon it to pick it over an trample it, but when the farmers learn that by properly curing and cutting it up for stock every portion may be used as serviceable food, they will realize the mistake they have made in not ap-preciating the value and importance of

this portion of the corn crop.

It is the mistakes made in farming that discourage so many, and the most prominent mistake is the neglect to properly use the fodder from the corn crop-stalks and leaves-that render the crops of such little value in some respects. Growing corn for the grain alone does not pay, and yet the farm ers who are not aware of this fact annually put in their crops, harvest the grain, and allow the really valuable portion to be wasted by trampling or else destroyed by exposure. We might allude to straw also as another waste product, but which may be used to good advantage on all well regulated farms where economy is rightly prac-ticed.—Washington Post.

## CANTON CREPE.

Wonderful Imitations of Crepe de Chine-

Corduroy costumes are quite fashion able this winter, especially in the golden-brown and fawn-colored shades. Feather bands, natural beaver and Astrakhan are used to trim these suits, which are made up in tailor style, with a marquise coat to match, and with nun's cap and tiny muff en suite. A few stylish costumes made of this fabric are shown, made with a plain skirt edged with fur at the foot and above a long French surtout, open down the ment bordered with wide bands of fur -chinchilla, silver fox, gray squirrel and "Grecian" lynx being most frequently used upon these longer coats.

Crepe de Chine or Canton crape is now so skilfully imitated at Lyons that the generic title crepe de Chine is used indiscriminately for the one and the other, and as each answers its purpose so admirably, purchasers need not hesitate about the origin if the quality meets the requirements of the indi-vidual taste and purse. The genuin-fabric is simply firmer and more soft and pliable, and is also pure silk. The Canton crapes have an under-thread either of cotton or wool, but so dextereither of cotton or wool, but so dexterously hidden as to defy detection except by an expert; and as the silk tissue costs about forty per cent. more
than its duplicate and is often less delicate and beautiful in coloring, the
choice is now largely given to the Canton crapes. At their best these fabricappear but for a season, then vanislike all other airy fairy tissues of similar diaphanous description; thereforabe wide difference in the cost of one
and the other is a matter worthy of conmideration.— N. I. Post. ideration .- N. Y. Post.

PREHISTORIC INDIANS.

Interesting Discoveries/Made in Arisons by the Geological Survey. "The archmologic and ethnologic researches which have been prosecuted during the past four or five years, says Captain Stevenson, of the National Geological Survey Bureau, "in different localities on our continent, especially in our Southwestern Territories, have thrown much light and information, not only upon the history of the present aboriginal inhabitants, but also upon their predecessors, or the prehistoric races which inhabited that pornistoric races which innabited that por-tion of our country. As each year's explorations are prosecuted, with the additional experience of the previous year, the web of information is broadened, and a more definite and compre prehensive knowledge of these people is obtained. The bureau extended its researches into more remote and less known localities during the past season with most gratifying results. in One locality visited and explored by a m party under the direction of Prof. Powell last summer is worthy of special mention. Neas Flagstaff, in Arizona, is a mountain called San Francisco Mountain. This mountain is of volcanic origin, and around it, extending for many miles in all directions, are prominent volcanic cinder cones, rangng from five hundred to two thousan feet in height. The outer crusts of these cones are quite hard, while be-neath the crust is a compact body of cinders or tufa. The party visited a

rude character, which was evidenced by the implements and domestic utensils left in these caves. One of the most conspicuous of these villages was found to occupy a large area, from the top far down the side of one of these fifteen feet to the bottom. Alongside

number of these cones, on which they

artificially excavated by a post of a

some sacred purpose; quantities of corn-cobs, charred beans and squash seeds and other objects of a vegetarian character, also many stone implements character, also many stone implements of large and small size, some weighing two hundred pounds, all of which gave some idea of the people who made and used them. There are many of these cave villages situated on these volcanic cones." Prof. Powell considers them the oldest and most primitive habita-tions on this continent. Notwithstanding this fact, he feels confident from the evidences presented by these caves that the occupants were the direct an-cestors of some of the Mesa dwelling cestors of some of the Mesa dwelling tribes now inhabiting portions of Ari-zona and New Mexico, and he also feels assured that future researches will clearly reveal the history and reationship between these tribes that have passed away and those now living in that region .- Philadelphia Times

Any Small Boy with a Stick can kill a tiger—if the tiger happens to b found when only a little cub. So consump tion, that deadliest and most feared of dis sases, in this country, can assuredly be con-quered and destroyed if Dr. Pierce's "Gold-en Medical Discovery" be employed early.

WHEN a girl is being courted she sets !

"The play's the thing."

And equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" (the original Little Liver Pills) are the most effectual means that can be used to reach the seat of disease, cleansing the bowels and system, and assisting nature in her recuperative work. By druterists. work. By druggists.

"Sure, an' wouldn't wan o' thim bear-kins make a foine buffalo robe!"—N. Y.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25: Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25: German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions

"It is not always May," sings a poet. You are quite right; it is sometimes must, —Toledo Blade.

THE "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce pares "female weakness" and kindred af-ections. By druggists.

WHY is a dirty man like fiannel? Because shrinks from washing.

THE reputation of the transgressor, like his way, is hard.-Lowell Citizen

THE GENERAL MARKETS. KANSAS CITY, Feb. CATTLE—Shipping steers... \$4 00 @ Native cows...... 3 15 @ Butchers' steers... 3 724@

WHEAT-UTTER-Choice creamery. HERSE-Pull cream..... ST. LOUIS. CATTLE—Shipping steers... Butchers' steers. HOGS-Packing...... SHEEP-Fair to choice. LOUR-Choice..... VHEAT-No. 2 red... OTTON-Middlings CHICAGO

NEW YORK

EXCITEMENT UNABATED. Proof that that Physician's Terrible Con femion is True.

Cleveland (0.) Herald. Yesterday and the day before we copied ato our columns from the Rochester (N. Y. Yesterday and the day before we copied into our columns from the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicis, a remarkable statement, made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that article Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful experience which beful him, and the next day we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the excitament in Rochester, and elsewhere, caused by Dr. Henion's statement. It is doubtful if any two articles were ever pubsubtful if any two articles were ever pub doubtful if any two articles were ever pub-lished which caused greater commotion both among professionals and laymen. Since the publication of these two arti-cles, having been besieged with letters of inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr. Henion and also to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if any additional proof could be given, and here it is:

given, and here it is:

GENTLEMEN: I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Cure, which snatched me from the very brink of the grave. It is not surprising that people should question the statement I made (which is true in every respect) for my recovery was as great a marvel to myself, as to my physicians, and friends.

J. K. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 21.

Sins: The best proof we can give you that the statements made by Dr. Henion are entirely true, and would not have been published unless strictly so, is the following testimonial from the best citizens of Rochester, and a card published by Rev. Dr. Foote.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

To Whom it May Concern:

To Whom it May Concern:

We are personally or by reputation acquainted with Dr. Henion, and we believe he would publish no statement not literally true. We are also personally or by reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Bale Cure, (hy which Dr. Henion says he was cured) whose commercial and personal standing in this community are of the highest order, and we believe that they would not publish any statements which were not literally and strictly true in every particular.

C. R. Parsons, (Mayor of Rochester.)

WM. Purcell, (Editor Union and Advertiser.)

mountains. The cave dwellings are of an oval shape, about twenty-five feet across the base, and perhaps fifteen feet high. The entrance or doorway consists of a square hole cut in the crust, from which a shaft descends rectangled by the county.)

E. B. Fenner, (ex-Clerk Monroe County.)

E. B. Fenner, (ex-Clerk Monroe County.)

J. M. DAVY, (ex-Member Congress, Roch-

J. M. Davy, (ex-Member Congress, Roch

recust, from which a shaft descends fifteen feet to the bottom. Alongside of the entrance shaft is a grove about one foot in depth, which served as a chimney. The dwellings were without windows and the occupants must have learned to grope their way through the dwelling in the dark. In many instances there are side shafts, which lead into connecting chambers. The party also found many small chambers excavated into the side of the dwelling, which were used to store away corn and other food stuffs.

"In one cave, which was plastered, a small niche was discovered which had been hermetically sealed up and which contained several small objects or clay stands, in which were stuck fragments of a finely woven cotton fabric so nicely twisted up as to show that they were carefully arranged and placed in this niche and sealed up for some sacred purpose; quantities of corn-cobs, charred beans and squash

Church.

Hochester, N. Y.
It seems impossible to doubt further in the face of such conclusive proof.

Woman was made after man and she has been after him ever since.—Philadelphia Call.

WHEN the follicles are not destroyed, Hall's Hair Renewer restores hair to bald Ought a teamster to have fancy !- National Weekly.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 26c.

COURTSHIP is not run by the rule of three.

Ir afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac hompson's Eye Water Druggists sell it. 25c. It isn't much of a dog that can't make a man go mad by biting him.—The Judge.

# "As a Last Resort"

A Little Girl fa Albany, N. Y., Terribly Afflicted, Wonderfully Cured.

One of the most remarkable cures of acrofula scord is that of the little daughter of Mr. M. J. Qui scord is that of the little daugnter of Mr. M. J. Quinn, 5 First-st., Albany. She was afflicted with scordule com birth, and physicians said it would be better for er if she was dead. Her father says: "She had it anning sores on her body, besides being should; tind for months. She lost the use of her limbs and said not walk; in fact, was a mere skeleton wasting ave. The same if from the sores was terrible. Seeking ave. The same is from the sores was terrible. last resort. When she had taken the first half bottle to couls see a change in her, and when the whole bottle was taken the abscesses almost entirely heated with the aid of Hood's Olive Ointment, which I must say is the finest I ever used. I kept on giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, till now she is well and healthy, running around. She has a splendid appetite. The neighbors don't know what to make of it."

Hood's Sarsaparilla d by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothocaries, Lowell, Mass.





LIST OF DISEASES ALWAYS CURARLE BY URING MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

OF HUMAN PLESE.

ort Ret, Hoef Al

CATARRH CREAM BALM \$1,000 TO ANY MAN CATARRH.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is to use. Price & Counts by mail or at Druggists, stroular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Ow THE SEVEN STAGES OF MAN



CTH STAGE walter A. TAYLOR. At

**Indigestion Cured** 

t, fall sine, and soon as that burning cease iain food without difficulty. Now a and can est anything in the shape of it without difficulty. The the prefor sale by all druggitts.
For sale by all druggitts.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE BWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
THE BWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
THE BWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

MENDS EVERYTHING 32 MILLION TWO GOLD MEDALS



P. K. DEDERICK & CO. Albany, M. Y.





L. POND, M.D., An